

Good 335 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

ONE of the greatest exploits of the war, the attack on the German battleship "Tirpitz" by six men in the British midget submarines X6 and X7, resulted in two more V.C.s for the Submarine Branch.

The midget submarines—commanded by Lieutenants Basil Charles Godfrey Place (23), D.S.C., and Donald Cameron (28)—got through, eluding patrols, nets, guns and listening posts.

And they surfaced inside the "Tirpitz's" anti-torpedo and submarine nets.

The first warning the enemy got was the sight of their periscopes only 200 yards away.

The Huns blazed away with rifles and the submarines disappeared.

Soon afterwards a giant explosion was heard from the battleship.

These officers, whose "courage, endurance and utter contempt of danger were supreme," have been awarded the Victoria Cross.



D.S.O.—Sub-Lieuts. Robert Aifken, R.N.V.R., of Norwich; John Thornton Lorimer, R.N.V.R., of South Hayling, Hants; and Richard Haddon Kendall, R.N.V.R., of Banstead, Surrey.

Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.—Engine Room Artificer (Fourth Class) Edmund Goddard, of Harpenden, Herts.

All six were captured and are now in Germany.

A third midget submarine, commanded by Lieut. H. Henty-Creer, Place's best man at his wedding seven weeks before, took part in the attack. But there has been no further news of him or his crew.

Lieut. Place's home is at Leyden House, East Meon, near Petersfield, Hants. Lieut. Cameron's is at Saltern, Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

SOMEWHERE in the Mediterranean recently, in a position where it is known that some British submarines were lost, officers and men of the Submarine Branch of the Royal Navy honoured fallen com-

rades who had given their lives in Mediterranean waters in the cause of freedom, "1939-1943."

The minesweeper embarked a party consisting of the Commanding Officer of the 10th Submarine Flotilla, a number of officers and men, and an armed guard.

The Church of England chaplain of the flotilla conducted the service, assisted by a Roman Catholic priest and an American Army Lutheran chaplain, which was a simple and impressive ceremony, opening with the sentence, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

When the Commanding Officer of the 10th Submarine Flotilla had read the 107th Psalm, beginning, "They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters," the Committal was said.

The "Reveille" was followed by a prayer for those who mourn.

"I CAN'T concentrate!" It's the oldest and weakest excuse of the man who prefers to be ruled by conditions rather than to rule conditions himself.

"Can't concentrate!" he mopes. Yet H. G. Wells wrote some of his earliest books while shivering with cold, with his feet stuffed into a box for warmth. And Bernard Shaw, when over 80, produced some of his greatest works while rattling along in the train between Herts and London.

Try thinking for five minutes exclusively on one subject. Simple as it sounds, you will find it ludicrously hard to do—but that doesn't mean you belong on a black list.

The truth is, the capacity for concentration is commoner than we think. **The power so essential to success is yours by nature.**

Many people who profess to be unable to "fix their minds" will concentrate for three hours in a cinema. The chap who can't keep his mind on a textbook will often swallow a thriller in a single concentrated sitting.

If you doubt that the ability to concentrate is your birth-right, any child of seven or eight can give you a free sample lesson. Just watch the intense absorption of a child of that age when he is deep in a book or engrossed with some new object. When he is spoken to, he will scarcely hear. Paramount interest absorbs the whole of his being.

Children are good learners only because they are good concentrators. The capacity is common to us all until we allow it to atrophy, or paralyse, it by trying to do two things at once.

A scientist with a secondary reputation as an absent-minded professor generally owes his specialised ability to the fact that he has kept his childish genius for absorbed interest. A surgeon performing a difficult operation has cleared his mind of every other interest—and affords a perfect example of concentration.

The primary secret of concentration is intense interest. When you clear away the dis-

Dr. William Laing to-day talks about Concentration

tractions of life and focus on one point of interest—just as you do in a crowded cinema—you find yourself concentrating without effort.

But can this ability be artificially produced? Is it possible to concentrate successfully on something not of special interest? Of course it is. Arnold Bennett once described concentration as "the power to dictate to the brain its task and ensure its obedience," and this power comes with practice.

The first secret is to go through the motions. Get into working position. You can't concentrate on a text-book while it's lying closed on the table. Pick it up, open it. Get busy.

Of course, you cannot just get rid of a worrying, interfering thought—something between you and the text-book, by pushing it out of your mind. If I advise you to spend the next thirty seconds not thinking about the word "hippopotamus," chances are that, despite yourself, your mind will take you on a mental tour through the African jungle.

You must recognise an interfering thought, then, and examine it. Can it wait? Of course it can. Say to the thought, "Yes, you're important, but you've got to wait until I've got through this task I'm concentrating on!" And wait it will! Try it and see.

Concentrating on this article, you're already putting into practice the single-minded "one-thing-at-a-time" attitude. And it sharpens with practice.

You can tame your thoughts. They may wander away from the job in hand but—bring them back again. The next time your mind wanders, give it an

other mental jerk—and bring it back.

If you keep bringing your mind back to some predetermined subject, whether you have to do it twenty or fifty times, THE COMPETING THOUGHTS WILL ULTIMATELY GIVE WAY.

From the first it's a battle between your vagrant mind and your predetermined desires. Your wandering thoughts are wild horses, but every time you tug the reins they learn better response and obedience.

They can be drilled, too, by a few other simple measures.

Try learning twenty lines of poetry or prose by heart every week. Learning by heart is a mental calisthenic that compels the mind to concentrate.

But don't just learn for a day or a week. Develop the habit. Lord Macaulay, the English historian, always used to learn a little by heart every day. Eventually his mind became such an amazingly proficient instrument that he could repeat the page of a book from memory after he had read it once.

You and I could run the course together, if you like. Take paper and pencil now and write down as much as you can remember of this article.

How much have you left out? Re-reading these paragraphs, you may be disappointed to find that you have left out a lot—but never mind.

Make a resolve to take similar notes from memory in a day or two when you have read my next article. And try it again with a later article. You will find your concentration improving with each occasion.

You see, you've got the latent concentrative power. And you'll be a mutt if you have to admit that you haven't the will-power to take a note or two and thus help yourself along the high road of life's success.

Home Town News

HISTORIC HOLES.

VISITORS to the Mayor's Parlour at Eastleigh, Hants, are intrusted by three holes in the ceiling which are "ringed" by a chromium frame.

The explanation is provided by the inscription on a plate affixed to the wall, which reads:

"The ring above indicates the result of enemy action by machine guns on 8th October, 1940, when three planes flew over the town, roof height, dropping a number of H.E. bombs."

"SOSPAN" AS MASCOT.

THE 4th Battalion of the Welch Regt. already has a "Sospan" as its mascot. It has now adopted it as a mascot. The ceremony of presenting it—a silver "Sospan"—was performed during the interval of a Rugby match between the 4th Welch XV, captained by Major W. H. Clement, the ex-Llanelli and Welsh international wing three-quarter, and Mr. Dick Edmunds' XV, at Cardiff Arms Park.

THE LONG WAY.

AN American soldier met a Wren at a dance in Plymouth the other night.

He asked if he might see her home. "I only live about half an hour's walk from here," said the lass.

They trudged through the pitch-dark streets for about an hour. At last the Yank said, "I thought you said your home was only half an hour's walk?"

"So I did," she replied, "but I don't know that way in the dark."

MAKE YOUR AIMING "BULLS-EYE-SURE"

"I CAN'T concentrate!" It's the oldest and weakest excuse of the man who prefers to be ruled by conditions rather than to rule conditions himself.

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If you see a pin, pick it up—for pins are booming. Before the war Britain used 5,000,000,000 pins a year, in addition to 6,000,000 lbs. of safety pins. Only 250,000,000 are available to-day.

The rest are going in export, travelling to the far ends of the earth to raise war credits for Britain—and naturally home prices are up. Packets of pins, once given in change in lieu of farthings, are now worth a penny.

Everybody uses the simple pin. Banks, railways and insurance companies alone use billions a year. Pawnbrokers have pins specially made for them, to pin tickets on pledges, and lacemakers use long, thin, deadly looking 3-inch pins by the million. From the tiny and costly nickel pins used by entomologists at 12s. an ounce, there's big money in pins.

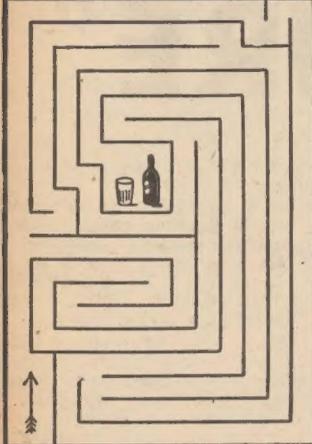
Only ten firms manufacture them, and their secrets are handed down from father to son. Britain's cheerful little pin industry has flourished on family lines for three centuries. When enterprising John Tilby broke the French monopoly of the trade and began making pins by hand in King Charles's reign, they cost a shilling for 300. This was cheapness itself from the days when rich men were compelled to give their wives a special pin allowance—hence pin money!

It was when a needle-maker's apprentice named

Purcell's song, "Lillibulero," with politically flavoured words by Wharton, was said to have "sung James the Second out of three kingdoms."

Before rain reaches the earth it is the purest form of water known.

A QUICK ONE



Starting at the arrow, see if you can get to the beer by the shortest possible route—and at your first attempt.

QUIZ for today

1. An amice is a cloak, dentist's probe, badger's nest, insect, Hindoo's hat, part of a plough?

2. Who wrote (a) Hilda Wade, (b) Hilda Lessways?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Madrali, Carpenter, Jimmy Wilde, Bombardier Wells, Jack Dempsey, Len Harvey.

4. Melbourne Inman is a famous musician, juggler, billiards player, explorer, composer?

5. How many ribs has a normal man on (a) his left side, (b) his right side?

6. What is the heaviest known metal?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Ambit, Gambit, Gamut, Ambuscade, Ambrosia, Amethyst, Amphibia.

8. Who had large and sinewy hands?

9. How many times has Stalin been married?

10. Who caused a sensation by asking for more?

11. What sport do you associate with Fred Archer?

12. What Bible character made use of an ass's jaw-bone?

Answers to Quiz in No. 334

1. Firework.

2. (a) Noel Coward, (b) Mary Webb.

3. 600 miles.

4. (a) Golf, (b) Archery.

5. Hugh Town, on St. Mary's

6. Tom Bowling.

7. Geisha, Gemsbok.

To-day's Brains Trust

A PSYCHOLOGIST, an Historian, a Mythologist, and a Professor of Literature, discuss:—

Ancient history is full of myths and legends which have been passed on through the centuries. How did they arise, and why is it that new myths and legends do not arise in the modern world? Could a new myth arise?

Historian: "Most of the mythical characters, to say nothing of the mythical beasts, possessed extraordinary powers, and were probably invented to explain mysterious events.

Primitive man, basing his ideas on his own experience, attributed every happening to the action of some person, visible or invisible. Thunderstorms could not be conceived as being produced by men, so they were attributed to gods, and so myths arose.

"Nowadays we look for natural explanations of what we do not understand, and we do not believe them unless they are based on provable evidence. Mythical agents do not provide provable evidence, so we refuse to believe in them, and have no myths."

Mythologist: "I agree with that, but I think we must go much deeper if we are to understand why the myths we no longer believe are still cherished.

For one thing, they are of immense antiquity, and are cherished for the same reason that the contents of our museums are cherished.

"We have a sort of veneration for old things, from Egyptian scarabs to monuments like Stonehenge, and this has become a sort of instinct with us. It is possibly a relic of ancestor-worship."

Psychologist: "I think our attachment to the old myths is different from the ancients' attachment to them. They really believed in them. We cherish them because they were the fairy stories of our childhood—that is, the childhood of our race. We still delight in them, but I doubt if we venerate them any longer.

But even more important, I think, is a peculiarity in the ancient myths themselves. They somehow express very vividly the fundamental passions and desires of the human mind, and for this reason they last just as Shakespeare lasts.

They also personify ideal human types—perfect huntsmen, perfect lovers, and many other perfections we should

like to see realised in ourselves. They satisfy our hunger for a set of values and high standards. The myth of King Arthur and his Knights is a comparatively recent example."

Professor: "Myths differ from the stories and plays of literature in that they were being told of an actual occurrence. He was much more like a modern man reading a newspaper in which he had implicit confidence.

"Indeed, many of our newspapers have started myths which would probably have lasted had it not been so easy nowadays to check up afterwards on the facts.

"A good example of a modern myth, still believed in by some people, is the story of the Angels of Mons in the last war, though the truth of the matter has been quite well established."

Psychologist: "Yes—that story began on the fiction page of a London evening paper, and rapidly spread throughout the world. But what has never been explained is how so many people not only came to believe in it, but actually to swear that they had been eye-witnesses of the event.

"There is no doubt that many of the professed witnesses really did believe that they had seen the angels, though all of them turned out only to have 'remembered' the event after the story had become well known.

"I think nerves have to be keyed up to a certain pitch before such fantastic stories are believed nowadays. Psychologists have often remarked the exceptional credulity of people in war-time."

Historian: "For example, there was the absurd story that Russian troops had been seen arriving at the London terminus with the snow still on their boots, yet many people believed even that!"

Stories and rumours about notable people often acquire the semblance of myths, and get passed on for many generations before they are forgotten or disproved.

"These are propagated by gossip, and seldom enhance their subjects' reputation. Thus, Ruskin was said to have become a myth in his own lifetime, and Bernard Shaw is very nearly in the same case."

WANGLING WORDS—283

1. Put a South American capital in CTE and make some weather.

2. In the following proverb, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Telit olow ryc chum.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BONE into MEAT and then back again into BONE, without using the same word twice.

4. What clothing material is hidden in the following sentence? She will eat her dinner to-morrow if she is hungry. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 282

1. INQUIRY.

2. Hard words break no bones.

3. SEA, set, bet, beg, bog, DOG, dot, sot, sat, pat, pet, pea, SEA.

4. Ep-som.

JANE



ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



SACRED MONKEY TRICKS.

Have a good look at them. They are the sacred monkeys of Pashupatti, Nepal, India. They have a gay time, finding fleas at their leisure, and gambolling around the ghats where most Nepalese are cremated. The monkeys are under the protection of the goddess Siva. What a life!

SOAP'S EUROPE'S NEED TO-DAY

EUROPE'S Chief Health Officer in U.N.R.R.A. to-day is Dr. Andrew Topping—a Scotsman with that gift for organisation that is developed North of the Tweed.

He says the prime difficulty about Europe—not only now, but for many months—will be the supply of soap to the people of the Continent.

Food is bulk transport in main, although the judicious use of the "concentrates of Nature," such as soya bean, will help lighten the burden.

But—soap?

That's a different problem.

Soap is always a bulk transport, no matter what you do; no one has yet discovered how to wash for a month on a tablet the size of a small aspirin.

And, the doctor adds, recent experience has shown that without cleanliness epidemics are bound to start.

A good deal of the soap to be supplied as the peoples of Europe—and Asia—are liberated will be in liquid form—it's easier to transport that way, though it's more wasteful in use.

Alex Cracks

"Is he one of the landed gentry?" "Not yet, but Helen is doing her best to land him."

A shopwalker observed a woman attempting to conceal a hat. After watching her movements he touched her politely on the shoulder. "Excuse me," he said, "but have you bought that hat, madam?" "Oh," she replied, rather taken aback, "I—I was just about to try it on! Do you think it would suit me?" "Yes," he said. "I think madam has the face to carry off the hat."

An Aberdonian told a friend of his intention to visit London. His friend mentioned that it was very lucky to throw a halfpenny out of the carriage as he crossed the bridges on the way south. Upon returning home, the friend enquired: "How did you get on, Mac?" "Weel enough," was the reply. "I got on fine crossin' the Dee, and managed a'richt at the Tay Bridge, but when I came to the Forth Bridge the string got mixed up with the girders an' I lost my ha'penny!"

"Darling, you have a figure like Dorothy Lamour," said the youth.

"Well, let's not go all over that again," said the girl.



"—LIKE A NINNY I WENT UP THEM STAIRS—"

BEEZEBUB JONES



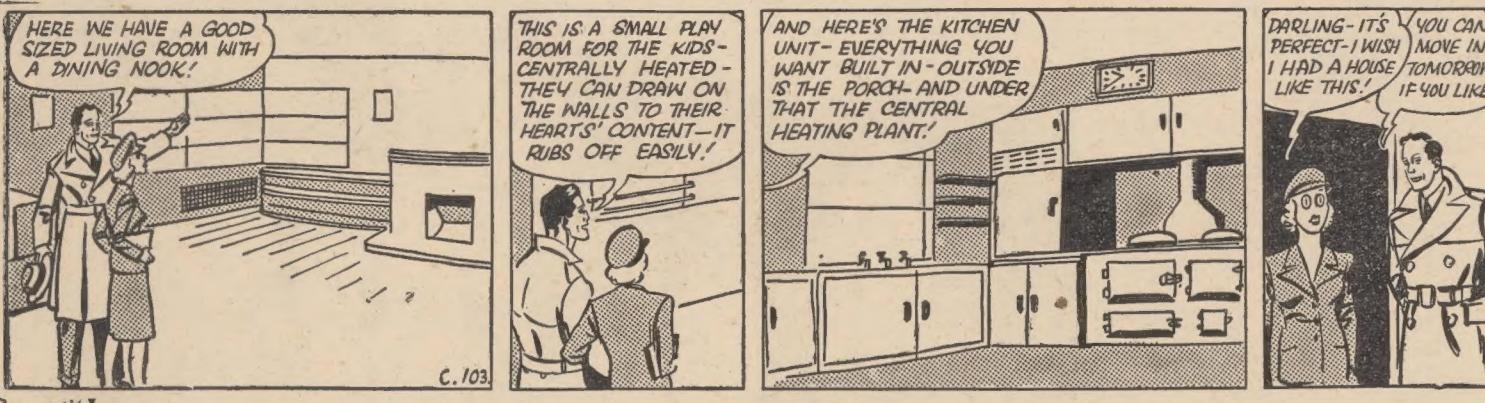
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Part-Time Shipbuilders

By Ronald Garth

EVERY sailor is a whittler. Someone with a penknife starts to whittle out the shape of a hull from a chip of wood, and the fever spreads.

It's when the whittler becomes ambitious and begins to plane out a model ship that a man gets launched on a lifelong interest.

The hobby of model ships interests thousands of men, from the humblest whittler to H.M. the King.

President Roosevelt, of course, has filled his home with the fruits of ship-model mania.

Henry J. Kaiser at one time collected a model of every ship he had launched. A special annex to house them was built at his home—but now he's given the game up.

Get a batch of real ship-model experts talking together and the topics turn on three cardinal points—perfection of detail, historical accuracy, and beauty of workmanship.

Making sure of perfection, they're liable to discuss whether the thickness of a rope is according to scale, whether the carving on the galleries really is carving—or bread-crumb moulding.

Model ships are a source of fortune to commercial supply houses, but the mass-production men in the business are apt to gloss over fine details.

An alleged replica of the "Santa Maria" may find a niche in a suburban home, but it won't suit a whittler.

Up and down the country are ship-model clubs whose members know exactly how an eighteenth-century frigate was rigged, how many guns were carried by the "Victory," the difference—elementary!—between a gaff- or sprit-sailed two-master.



A whittler isn't content for long to copy his ships from reference books, either. ANYONE can look up and make a good job of the scantlings and details of the "Cutty Sark" or "Nelson."

In spite of the immense store of available books and charts—and some modellers work from the actual plans of an old vessel—there are still gaps to be filled.

Hence the enthusiasm of the man who discovered incomplete plans of the French man-of-war "Le Protecteur." Built in 1775, its records were lost in the turmoil of the French Revolution in 1794. It took the whittler five years of research and another five years to build his 44 inches of model-ship.

Yet the result is one of the most perfect models in the world. The decks are completely furnished to the double wheel under the grating of the poop deck, compartments for wine, sail and ammunition—and a coop for chickens.

Some of the finest ship-models have changed hands at four-figure sums, but many modellers are content if they see their ship shining and gilded inside a museum.

One of the greatest model experts in Britain, Mr. Wallace Rigby, has a fine show in the Science Museum in London. Even a Spanish galleon of his was built from the original plans.

When he made a model of the "Mauretania" the plan covered the whole of his lawn!

The United Service Museum in Whitehall, Greenwich Royal Naval College, and the Greenwich Maritime Museum have superb model collections.

The boys of the destroyer "Lauderdale," for instance, held a race between their model sailing boats only a few hours before they sailed for Salerno. The boats of the Lauderdale Model Club are of all sizes and classes, made from waste wood and paper, with sails made from handkerchiefs, flour bags and other odds and ends.

The heaviest boat weighs 9lb., and is 34 inches overall.

Leading Seaman Chitty set the craze for building the club's paper boats. His explanation:

"I make a wooden mould and then paste long strips of half-inch wide wrapping paper on the mould. The strips overlap. The next layer is pasted on diagonally, and so on, until I've pasted on about twenty layers. That makes a pretty light but strong hull, and takes about six weeks of spare-time work to complete. The mast is spruce, part of an old whaler's oar, and the sails are made from big handkerchiefs."

Good Morning

HERE HE COMES AT
LAST—MARVELLOUS



"I'm sick to death of you. You get all the affection, so now you'll taste a spot of the other."

"Oh, Rowdy, how could you? You ought to have known that I don't love dolly anything like I love YOU."

Bonnie Scotland

The Tolbooth, Culross, Fifeshire, built in 1626, though the bell-tower was not added until 1783. Notice some 17th Century houses with characteristic Scottish crow-stepped gables.



TO THE BEST
AND DEAREST
DADDY IN
THE WORLD



"Yes, this bus is certainly going to the Zoo, but I'm sorry to inform you that you are NOT going in it."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Must think it's Grand Trunk Line"

